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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

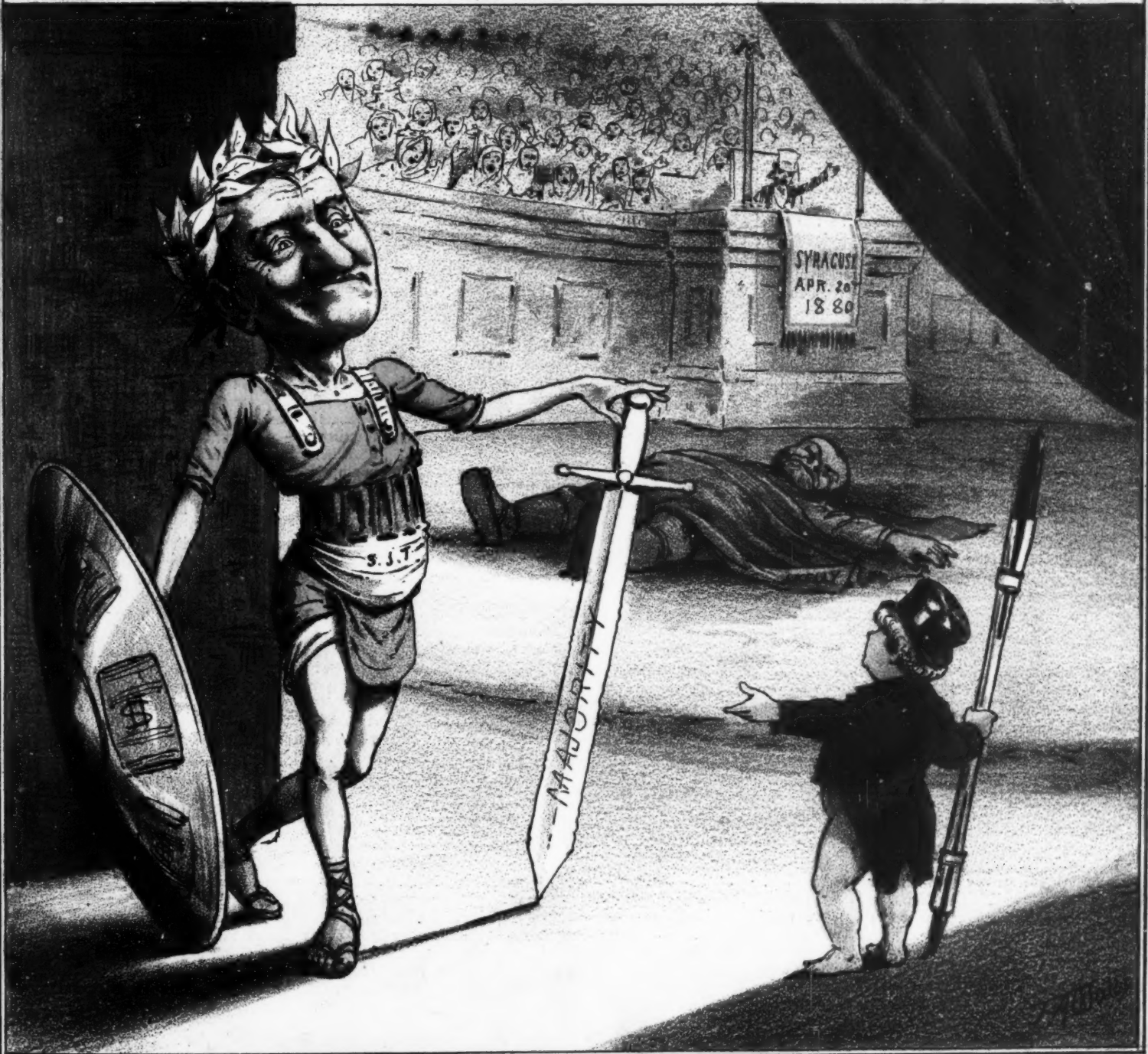
# Puck

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PUCK: "Now you can retire from the Arena with honor —"  
GLADIATOR SAM: "Not much!"



## PUCK

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 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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## PUCK ON WHEELS!

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE call particular attention to the ad-  
 vertisement of the Oilymargarine com-  
 pany on p. 134 of this issue. We  
 also call equally particular attention to the  
 letter of Messrs. W. Carr & Co., on p. 127.  
 For ourselves, we would not touch Oilymarga-  
 rine with a ten-foot pole. There may be some  
 people who would. If so, we have no objec-  
 tion to their buying it, as Oilymargarine; and,  
 to afford them the opportunity, we are willing  
 to give the Oilymargarinists the benefit of our  
 advertising columns, in the ordinary course of  
 business. But the literature bearing on this  
 subject in the editorial columns will continue  
 to be of a distinctly different character, until  
 we succeed in getting Oilymargarine, every  
 atom and globule of it, put on the market at  
 its face value, even if it has to be dyed pink.  
 Mr. George T. Angell, President of the Boston  
 S. P. C. A., and member of the American  
 Social Science Association, writes us as follows:  
 "Your suggestion to color the Oilymargarine  
 —so that it shall be sold for what it is—is the  
 best thing I have seen or heard on the subject."

It was what we may call Oilymargarine  
 architecture that killed the people in the Mad-  
 ison Square Garden. Mr. Vanderbilt had to  
 put an extension on his building. He put up  
 an improperly built extension. Perhaps he  
 did not give direct orders to have it ill built,  
 or mix the mortar himself; but it was his duty  
 to see that the work was well done, just as it is  
 his duty to see that his railroads are supplied  
 with well-constructed engines and sound rails.  
 Qui facit per alium facit per se,—in American,  
 this is Mr. Vanderbilt's funeral. Then there are  
 the Inspectors and Commissioners of Buildings.  
 Some of the weight that crushed those trusses  
 rests on their shoulders, morally; and we wish  
 it did physically.

Some casual scientists have hinted that it was  
 the rhythmic regularity of the march of the  
 7th Regt., N.G.S.N.Y., that first caused the  
 walls of the Madison Square Garden to totter;

## THE NEW MONARCHS OF THE MAY.



*In the old days, when May set all aflame  
 With blush of Spring, the winter-weary earth,  
 The brave householders of the city came  
 To lead the festival's fantastic mirth.  
 And round the Maypole danced a merry fling  
 Phillis and Corydon, May Queen and King.*

*But now, when May sets all the earth a-chill  
 With cold catarrhal breath, comes Truckman Tim,  
 And Bridget the House-cleaner; and their will  
 They work from dewy morn till eve is dim.  
 Behold the change of Time and Circumstance!  
 'Tis now the poor Householder's turn to dance.*

but we don't believe it; partly because we have  
 never observed anything very rhythmic or  
 regular about the tread of the Gallant Seventh,  
 and partly because we don't wish to believe it.  
 We have had a word or two with our bump-  
 tious young friends; but, viewing the manners  
 and customs of the embryo Regular Army oh!  
 at West Point, we are inclined to regard our  
 militia soldiers with a sincere admiration. The  
 inexhaustible, kaleidoscopic variations of brass-  
 buttoned impudence flash out in fresh forms  
 every day. Recorder Sears was a revelation;  
 but Major-General Schofield, with his General  
 Order No. 14, rather discounts him. Our  
 usually well-informed and always E. C., the  
*World*, thinks that Major-General Hancock is  
 the officer upon whom it devolves to take charge  
 of the inquiry. But West Point is not in General  
 Hancock's department; and Mr. Townsend is  
 quite competent to see justice done, if he will  
 only take hold without fear of the reproaches  
 of Major-General Schofield, Lieutenant Sears,  
 and Cadet Burnett.

If there is one man in the United States  
 whose ears are not slit, it is our aged friend,  
 Mr. S. J. Tilden. We cannot but regard his  
 late affair at Syracuse as a decided strategic  
 victory over Mr. John Kelly. It is so neat a  
 victory, indeed, that he might well retire on  
 his laurels. Then everybody would say that  
 he might have been elected President, had he  
 so chosen; and he would have a much pleasanter  
 four years—if he is spared to us that long—  
 than those just past, during which we believe  
 that the sweet serenity of his old age has been  
 marred by bitter heart-burnings and hatred of  
 the fraudulent person in the White House. But  
 we fear the dear old gentleman thirsts for gore,  
 and that he won't be content with this. Sad,  
 that such wicked and worldly thoughts should  
 fill an aged breast in the balmy spring time!

For the First of May is almost here, which  
 gives us Americans an opportunity of exhibit-  
 ing our national characteristic—the desire for  
 change. Why does everybody move on the  
 First of May? Why does one short year's occu-  
 pation of a residence put us out of conceit with  
 its beauties and conveniences, and induce us to  
 expend two or three months' valuable time in  
 finding a new habitation for another short year?  
 We should not have so strong an objection to  
 moving if we could but cart off to some se-  
 cluded spot a few of our political and social

demigods and nuisances. If Uncle Sam would  
 back up his truck against the back-door of Re-  
 publican or Democratic conventions, and pitch-  
 fork or shovel into the vehicle a large propor-  
 tion of the animated rubbish that infest them,  
 we should hail the First of May with paroxysms  
 of delight. But are there dumping-grounds large  
 enough to receive all this superfluity?

There are, however, some people who are  
 moving without waiting for the First of May.  
 They make a very considerable change in their  
 abode, and cross the ocean to do it. We refer  
 to the exceedingly large influx of foreigners  
 into the country. Let them come. So long as  
 they behave themselves they are welcome.  
 There is plenty for them to eat, plenty for them  
 to drink, and a superabundance of elbow-room.  
 Here they will not find a narrow-minded, self-  
 sufficient aristocracy to torture them with their  
 assumption, and legislate for people of whose  
 requirements they know nothing. They will  
 find here many monopolists, a great deal of  
 corruption, and much injustice and other  
 abuses; but, on the whole, if they are indus-  
 trious, they will not find much to complain of.

No such farcical mediæval flummery and  
 idiocy, for instance, as the cavorting of Mrs.  
 Victoria, of England, in her choice of a head  
 for a cabinet. The Government of Great Bri-  
 tain is now, by the sturdy intelligence of its  
 people, reduced to such a fine point that the  
 so-called Sovereign is a little less than a nobody.  
 And yet we find that this functionary, in the  
 person of a parsimonious and crabbed old lady,  
 is enabled to delay public business for thirty-  
 six or forty-eight hours, in order to gratify a  
 woman's illogical prejudices. Mrs. Victoria  
 does not like Mr. Gladstone—and, from her  
 point of view, we cannot blame her. After the  
 Brummagem glare and glitter of Mr. Beacons-  
 field, it can scarcely be expected she can have  
 any affection for a really great man, whose con-  
 viction is not likely to be purchased by a  
 wretched peerage which costs Mrs. Victoria  
 nothing, and, in nine cases out of ten, makes  
 the human snob a bigger snob than ever. The  
 attempt to snub the Liberal party and Mr.  
 Gladstone by her futile dalliance with Messrs.  
 Hartington and Granville in the first instance,  
 is but another proof of the Bourbon wrong-  
 headedness of this stupid Brunswick family  
 since it has, unhappily, had anything to do  
 with the government of Great Britain.

## RESPECTFULLY REFERRED TO MR. DE LANCEY KANE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I hear that Colonel DeLancey Kane is about to resume his coaching trips to New Rochelle. I do not know much about Colonel D. L. Kane; but understand from the newspapers that he is a respectable and trustworthy driver, and attentive to his business. If such is the case, I may be able to throw some custom in his way. I suppose he needs it, for he appears to have no regular stations or terminus; but starts from hotel steps and street-corners.

As I cannot find that he has any office, I am obliged to address myself to you, asking you to forward this communication to Mr. Kane—that is, if you can confidently recommend him.

I live on the New Rochelle road; also on my private income. It was my practice, during the twenty-three years which I spent as cashier in the house of Messrs. Block & Tackle, ship's supplies, South St., (to whom I refer you for any information you may desire as to my character and responsibility,) to do my own marketing. My time being now principally employed in gardening in the grounds attached to my suburban residence, various little duties which I used to attend to myself must now be entrusted to others.

I should much like to make an arrangement with Mr. D. L. Kane to take my market-basket in town for me on one of his morning trips. I wish, of course, to commute for the season; but am willing to allow a fair compensation, if Mr. Kane will deliver the basket, which is large, but new and not greasy, to Mr. T. Enderline, my butcher, No. 41, 144 Washington Market. It should be called for before 6 p. m., and must be delivered at my gate. When there are onions ordered, which is rarely, I do not like to have them put in the basket with the meat, as I find they impart a decided flavor. I should esteem it a favor if Mr. Kane would carry them separately in his overcoat pocket.

I do not know whether the accommodations of Mr. Kane's coach are sufficiently extensive, but I have a large heap of garden truck, including old bottles and a cat, in my front yard; also two packages of retired garments, which I should like to have delivered to the dealers in the respective lines. Mr. Kane might try on these commissions; and if he gave satisfaction, I should not hesitate to let him have the market-basket for the season.

My maiden aunt occasionally visits me. She is somewhat stout, weighing in the vicinity of 211 lbs., and is also asthmatic; hence finds much difficulty with the railroad trains, which hurry her, and impede her breathing. If you are satisfied that Mr. Kane is a careful, thoughtful and considerate person, I should like to have him call for her whenever she drops him a postal. She lives in Varick Street; being old-fashioned in her tastes, and the neighborhood still highly respectable. Mr. Kane must be told that she prefers to sit on the box, by the driver; but should be carefully looked after, as she is apt to get interested in the scenery and fall off. She should, however, be treated with great kindness and consideration, as her temper is a little hasty, and she is constitutionally nervous.

My aunt generally carries with her a parrot, in a commodious cage, and a small dog. Both bite. My aunt, I am sure, would feel it a kindness if Mr. Kane, when he passes a field likely to contain chickweed, would stop and look for a little. The parrot is very fond of it.

I shall feel greatly obliged to you, my dear sir, if you will make any necessary inquiries, and inform me through the columns of your valuable paper whether Mr. Kane is a proper person to be entrusted with my custom. If so, I shall take great pleasure in patronizing his

enterprise. Perhaps he had better begin with my aunt and satisfy me of his capacity for looking after the market-basket. Apologizing for this intrusion on your time, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

THEOPHILUS PETTINGILL BLOTTER,  
*Smith's Row (end house), King's Bridge Road.*

P. S.—If Mr. Kane starts from the city early enough in the morning, I should like to make some arrangement with him about the milk.

T. P. B.

## MRS. VICTORIA AND MR. BEACONSFIELD.

IT is generally known that Mr. Ben Beaconsfield, the gentleman who has, for the past five or six years, been running the British government, has resigned; but it is not generally known what took place at the last interview between him and Mrs. Victoria.

Mr. Ben Beaconsfield, who on this occasion wore but one hat, which he took off out of politeness to Mrs. Victoria, opened the ball by remarking that he was free to confess that Her Right Honorable Majesty must have observed that the recent general election had considerably eliminated the elements of strength from the party he had the distinguished honor to be the leader of; and vat are you going to do about it, my tearsh?

MRS. VICTORIA—"You're a pretty kind of a hair-pin, you are, to be a Prime Minister. What do you mean by telling me that everything was as right as ninepence, and that the Liberals hadn't a show, and now they've wopped us into fits. What am I to do? I won't send for the nasty man Gladstone. He doesn't like me, nor any of my kids. He doesn't like the Church; he wants to cut everything down, especially my salary, which, I know, he thinks extravagant, although he doesn't say so. Why, as it is, I've barely enough to pay wages and keep house. It's mean, that's what it is."

MR. BEACONSFIELD—"Empress of India, and Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, Putney and Whitechapel, I guess you ain't very far out about Gladstone. He is a sophistical rhetorician, etc. I don't like him. He thinks too little of me, calls me names. I just wish we were living three or four hundred years ago. I'd have had his head off in the twinkling of a bedpost. This constitutional government business is a delusion. It was well enough when there were no Radicals who could read and write, but it's a great nuisance now."

MRS. VICTORIA—"I don't want any of your sympathy, young man. I don't believe you care a bit. You ought to have made people think that I and my charming family were very wonderful people, indeed, and far better than other human beings. You ought to have made people respect my beautiful Bishops who sit in the House of Lords. You ought to have made the people give me all the money I wanted, and then I might have given an extra three-and-sixpence to the Irish relief fund. So there!"

MR. BEACONSFIELD—"I tried to do my best. S'help me Moses."

MRS. VICTORIA—"Gladstone shan't come here. I'll telephone to young Hartington. He's at any rate son of a Duke, - no commoner."

MR. BEACONSFIELD—"All right. I'm agreeable. It's none of my funeral."

MRS. VICTORIA—"Well I suppose you want some things before you get out. (Calling) Here, Johnny Brown, give this young man any odd dukedoms you've got knocking about, and a baronetcy or two, and other rubbish we've got no use for. If some of your old friends are pleased with these gewgaws they're welcome to them, I'm sure."

And, with a low bow of gratitude, Mr. Beaconsfield and the PUCK correspondent backed out of the ineffable presence of Mrs. Victoria.

## Puckings.

SPIRITUAL ADVENTISTS—Gin Millerites.

THE MATTER WITH HANNAY—Artificial Diamonds.

THE ONLY good policeman has committed suicide. He was lonely.

VICTORIA ought to send for Mr. Tilden to make her a cabinet. There is one due him which he never got; and H. M. can probably have it cheap.

WE WONDER if the architect of Mr. Vanderbilt's new house on Fifth Avenue is the same who was employed to build the addition to the Madison Square Garden?

UNPROFITOUS OUTLOOK—The coming Parliamentary season in England is not promising for the raising of Prince Imperial monuments in Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere.

WANTED—A Vice-Presidential Boom for a quiet gentleman of modest pretensions and limited means. No objection to going to the country, if the country hasn't—in fact, will go into it steep and strong for a consideration.

Mlle. SARAH BERNARDT, the oilymargarine Rachel, has severed her connection with the Théâtre Française because her work wasn't liked. If the man who sculps for Sarah treated her like that, she would find her artistic horizon kinder limited.

A CIRCULAR received from Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. calls our attention to the fact that Representative Garfield is the most powerful champion of the wood-pulp monopolists, and asks "Can Mr. Garfield afford to continue his support of a most odious and oppressive tax—etc." We think it would be much more to the point to ask squarely at what figure Mr. Garfield could afford to discontinue said support.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA requests the pleasure of Mr. Gladstone's company to dinner, to discuss the political situation and a cold boiled leg of mutton, next Friday p. m., at Windsor Castle.

Please ring second bell.

P. S.—Her Majesty hopes that Mr. Gladstone is not offended because I did not invite him to Arthur's wedding breakfast. It was that mean Beaconsfield forgot your card on purpose.

We wrote *Sarcey*, last week, in speaking of our E. C. the Chicago *Tribune's* learned reference to that gentleman's Comédie Française book; but a compositor who takes an interest in M. Victorien Sardou rang in his name, probably by way of advertisement for the lively dramatist. It appears that M. Francisque Sarcey, of the Paris *Temps*, has no show in our composing room. All the same, he is the best critic in France, and we wish our prejudiced compositor would try to think more kindly of him.

## TELEGRAM.

Gramercy Park to Washington, D. C.

Finley:

Thou Rash, Intruding, Meddling Fool, Farewell. S. J. T.

D. H.

## ARMS AND THE BOYS.

West Pointers learn the art of war,  
The use of sword and trigger;  
But some now think it's only for  
Abuse of one poor Nigger. "INCOG."



## BOSTON TO BANGOR.

"**W**HERE sails yon ship away?"  
I said to a mariner old,  
As a gallant bark stood out of the bay  
And into the night so cold.

"And what takes she as freight?"

I said to this mariner gray;

"And why sails she at night,  
Instead of at break of day?"

"Steers she for the tropic land  
Where fragrant spices grow,  
And o'er whose golden sand  
The balmy breezes blow?"

"Where luscious fruits abound,  
With flowers of gorgeous hue,  
And precious stones are found,  
With smiling skies of blue?"

"Or, when from land she's free,  
Think you her prow will turn  
Up towards the Polar Sea,  
From which so few return?"

"Where the North King's icy hand  
The shivering waves uphold,  
And spreads o'er all the land  
His mantle white and cold?"

"Speak, then, my silent tar,  
And tell me what I ask,  
And why she sails afar  
To brave the stormy blast?"

The tarry soul no word replied,  
But taking from his vest  
Some chalk, upon the sand inscribed:  
"The wind is from the West;

"Her course is laid for Bangor, Maine;  
Her captain's name is Slaters;  
Her name itself is Mary Jane;  
Her cargo is potatoes."

E.

## HAMLET vs. HEWITT.

## CARDINAL DIFFERENCES IN PETTO.

**N**O two historic characters display a wider dissimilarity than Hamlet and Hewitt.  
By Hamlet, we mean the Melancholy Dane, of course.

By Hewitt, we mean the frisky Abram S., ex-Tammanyite, ex-Congressman, ex-Reformer and actual adjunct of the Cooper Union.

## THUS:

Hamlet lacked advancement.  
Hewitt *au contraire*.  
Hamlet's wits were diseased.  
Hewitt's wits cannot be, for *ex nihilo nihil* reasons.

Hamlet was bound to hear.  
Hewitt hears not, but talks.  
Hamlet was mad Nor'-Nor'-West.  
Hewitt's anger boxes the entire compass.  
Hamlet had that within which passeth show.  
Hewitt gives himself away easily.  
Hamlet could not be played upon.  
Hewitt, apparently, can—and is.  
Hamlet would requite his loves.  
Hewitt has soured on requitements.  
Hamlet would teach deep drinking.  
Hewitt is on the temperance dodge.  
Hamlet would wipe away all trivial records.  
Hewitt sticks to Gramercy and Cipher.  
Hamlet would follow.  
Hewitt prefers to lead.  
Hamlet delighted not in man.  
Hewitt takes great stock in—himself.  
Hamlet could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count himself a king of infinite space.  
Hewitt complains that Tammany Hall isn't large enough for him.

Hamlet oh-ed his prophetic soul to his uncle.  
Hewitt owes no man anything. *Ipsa dixit*.  
Hamlet thought Horatio e'en as just a man as e'er his conversation coped withal.  
Hewitt thinks Horatio (Seymour) is a fraud.  
Hamlet shot his arrow o'er the house and hurt his brother.

Hewitt's arrows, whenever and wherever shot, hurt nobody.

Hamlet called himself a rogue, a peasant slave, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, a scullion, a pigeon-livered coward and an ass.

Hewitt is less modest and more reticent concerning his own individual make-up.

Hamlet (to "the celestial and most beautiful Ophelia") subscribed himself: "Yours, while this machine is to him."

Hewitt (to a solicitous *Tribune* reporter) repudiates the machine *in toto*, and adds: "That is the reason Mr. Kelly doesn't like me—that is the reason Congress doesn't like me—that is the reason nobody likes me."

SEQUENTI INFERENDUM — *Everybody likes Hamlet!*

## SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

## ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT I.

It is to be regretted that his good lady felt compelled to say—Cap u let the girls alone.—[Sc. 7.]

SOME of the guests, more elated than grammatical over their invitations, exclaim: "We'm asked."—[Sc. 5.]

TURKS were not confined to Turkey. "Buy our ladies" was an oft heard expression. Ottoman do so?—[Sc. 5.]

SELFISH Romeo speaks of Juliet as having "beauty too rich for you;" and he glances superciliously at his friends.—[Sc. 5.]

TYBALT, hearing Romeo chin with the girls and noting his general prevalence, observes: "This, by his voice, should be a Montague." He wanted to say "vice," but put an "o" in to anticipate Romeo's putting his no in.—[Sc. 5.]

"AN antic face" is laid to the charge of Romeo. Romeoantic would better describe it.—[Sc. 5.]

TYBALT deservedly suffers eternal ignominy for submitting to the epithet bestowed by his uncle. A man may be called a sarcophagus, or even a silurean semicolon, and retain our respect; but a "princox"!!—[Sc. 5.]

ROMEO, in urging his suit, neatly instances: "Have not saints slips, and holy palmers, too?" But the chaste Juliet answers: "This saint so."—[Sc. 5.] JOHN ALBRO.

## P. I.—MYSTERE.

Your Personal Intelligencer of the daily press is a weird and mysterious being—one of those who, according to the poet, find sermons in stones, ethics in the dust, books in running brooks, and something in nothing. For example, we read in a late journal that "Count Moltke was somewhat surprised the other day when his door-bell rung," etc. This is surprising to a degree and perplexing to the whole arc of the circle. Why should Count Moltke be surprised at so trivial a circumstance as the ringing of his door-bell? What does the Count keep a door-bell for, if not to ring or to be rung—or wrung? And how—but it is useless to essay heart-plucking in so deep a mystery! Perhaps it is what Philosopher Emerson would call an Agnosticism—and may mean mischief.

It is, like hash, a mystery, no doubt,  
If any P. I. chap could find it out!

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXIII.

MORE WEDDING-TRIP.



Ya-as, aftah enjoying a most aw delightful stay at the Capital of Amerwica, aw Washington—named aftah some pwominent Amerwican Generwal—

he is dead now, I believe—we took the railway to anothah place in the immediate neighborhood derwived fwm the patwonymic of some fellow in the Baltimore family ye-ahs ago at home, ye know.

I discovered that the vast impwovements which I mentioned as being so wemarkable in Philadelphia and Washington since my last visit were equally as conspicuous in Baltimore. It is weally a most delightful place, and among the monuments that are distwibuted about in the differwent distwicts, stweets and woads are some of the most chaste and beautiful I have evah seen in my twavels.

Verwy stwange that a comparwatively mod-erwate-sized city should have succeeded in securing such verwy fine works of art. I have nfaw hope faw Amerwica than evah aftah gazing upon these evidences of pwogwess.

Ya-as, I admi-ah Baltimore extwemely. I almost think I should like to weside there in pweferwence to Philadelphia or perwhaps New York. We had severw calls fwm pwominent Baltimorweans, who expwessed themselves much gwatified at our honoring the city with our distinguished pwesence.

I am not at all surprised at this wemarkable weception, because I undahstand that a gweat many aw wespectable families in this aw State of Marwyland are weputed to be descended fwm tolerwably decent people in wemote ages, who migwated to this countwy when there was some descwption of disturbance or wow at home, ye know.

These illustwious houses have managed to pweserve the purwity of their pwogeny and descent, and consequently are verwy desirwous of letting it be spwead abwoad that they weally belong to a wace or twibe infinitely superwiah to the ordinarwy wun of people.

A gweat gwandson of a fellow named Carroll, who is said to have attached his signachah to some wevolutionarwy independent document in the last centurwy, was quite decently polite to Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself. This individual is a Gwevah or some othah kind of functionarwy he-ah; and I have no doubt he wules in a verwy cweditable sort of way, faw an Amerwican.

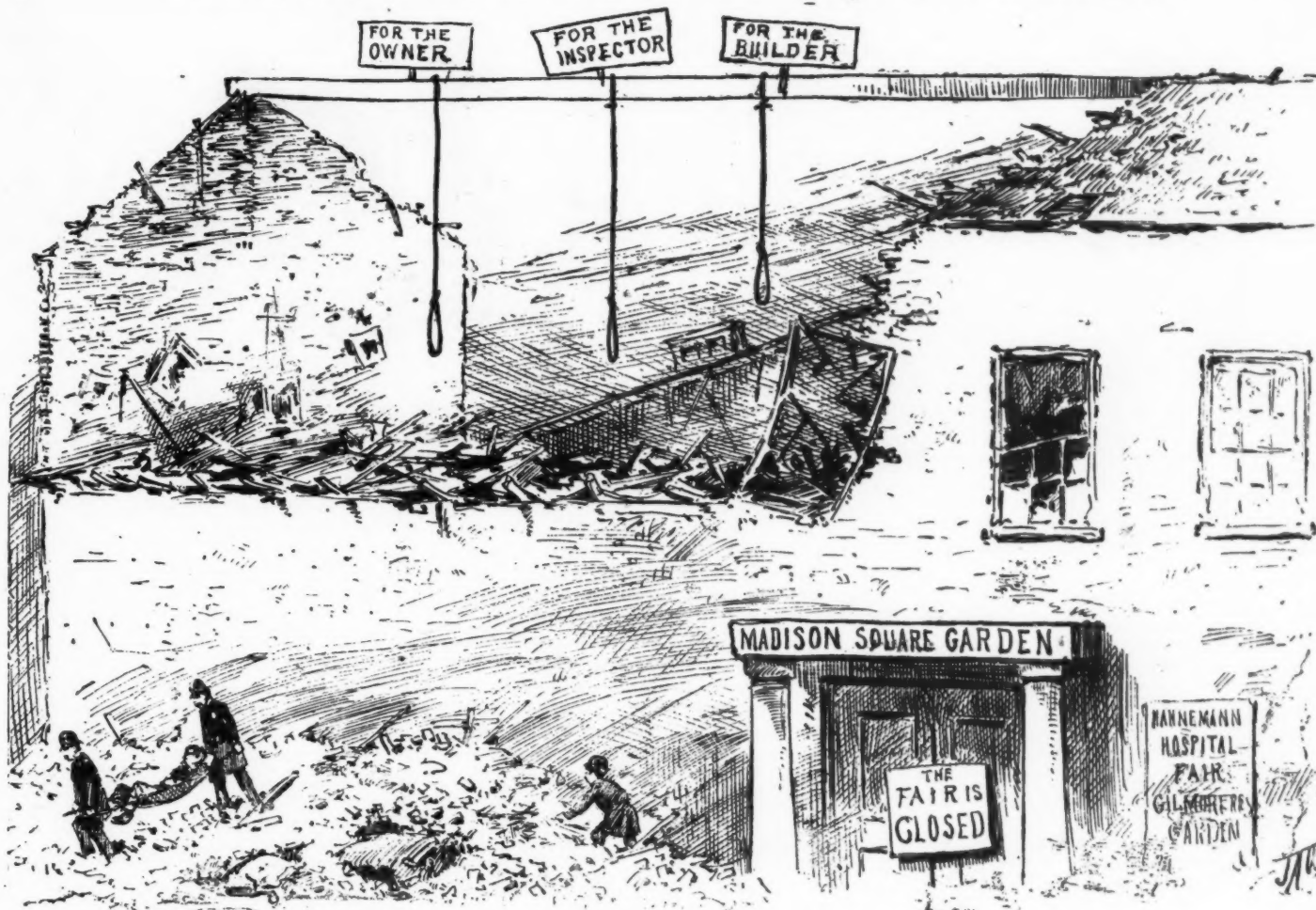
Aw this pwide of birth in Baltimore is not by any means disagweeable to me. I begin to think it is highly pwopah, even in a wepublican countwy, and am somewhat surprised that I did not appweciate its desirwability befaw aw. I shall nevah wun it down again.

There are some quee-ah kinds of wepwewentative cookerwy in Baltimore. They pwepare a species of soup or wagoat, which is said to wesemble verwy much a young negwo at a tendah age. Baltimore is also celebawted faw its ducks. I wathah welish them. Their backs are, I believe, covered with canvas to pweserve them fwm the vagarwies of the weathah, and they are called aftah this peculiarwity. Altogethah, I certainly have no weason to be dissatisfied with Baltimore in any wespect aw.

Mrs. Fitznoodle diffahs a little fwm me in my eulogium of the places we have visited. She wemarks that Amerwica is very nice, but still it is young at pwesent, and Eurwope, aftah all, has some good points about it too aw.



# THE CATASTROPHE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



WHAT HAS BEEN DONE—AND WHAT IS LEFT TO BE DONE.

## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

(Words awaiting the kindly composer.)

**M**ET me a tramp by the sad sea waves,  
Where never a tramp should be,  
And I said, "O tramp! you low-lived scamp,  
Wherefore dost thou bother me?"  
And I said, "O scamp! you infernal tramp,  
What is it you want of me?"  
"I fain would know," said the stranger tramp—  
A-wiping his weeping nose,  
"What mystery is shut up in thee,  
Rolled up in them 'ere store-clothes—  
Or, to speak more fair, if less *debonair*,  
The sum that is in your clothes?"  
Then I ups with my foot and I fetched him one,  
And I leaves him alone on the shore;  
And the waves they may shimmer and play i' the sun,  
And tumble and rumble and roar:  
But that ragged, old, shystering son-of-a-gun  
May be seen at Long Branch evermore!

BEGUM.

## WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS

"If," said Plato, "one does not believe in the transmigration of the souls of animals into human bodies, how can one account for the fact that plumbers are such everlasting hogs?"

AFTER Demosthenes had lost most of his teeth, he was one day delivering one of the most elegant of his orations.

"What," asked an auditor, "is he giving us now?"

"Gum-drops," promptly answered Diogenes.

"How," asked Hippocrates of Diogenes, "shall I show to the world that I have an extensive practice?"

"By placing your office in the neighborhood of your favorite graveyard," was the answer.

WHEN the Greeks were about to sail for Troy, Menelaus brought a bundle of straw and put it carefully away in his cabin.

"What is that for?" asked Agamemnon.

"To tell us the direction of the breeze," answered Menelaus.

"You're crazy!" said Nestor.

"Why," remarked Menelaus, "don't straws show which way the wind blows?"

"WHY," asked Æschylus of Socrates, "should my head be totally devoid of covering, while you have a luxuriant growth of hair?"

"You have your compensation," answered Socrates.

"How?" asked Æschylus.

"You have no hair and no wife. I have hair and Xantippe. You are bald and I am bawled at."

"HAVE you heard the latest?" asked Hierocles, as he sat down beneath the trees of the Academia.

"No," responded everybody.

"Well," continued Hierocles, "the Athenians obtained 15,000,000 drachmas from the Carthaginians with which to pay the damages which citizens of Athens had suffered from piratical triremes fitted out in Carthaginian harbors, and, after paying every citizen who applied, the Athenians now have on hand 10,000,000 drachmas of the sum, for which they can find no injuries."

## OILYMARGARINE AND HONEST DEALERS.

Established 1856.  
WALTER CARR & COMPANY,  
PRODUCE  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
37 Pearl & 28 Bridge Sts.

NEW YORK, April 21st, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

We cannot refrain from complimenting you on having struck upon the most comprehensive ideas relative to Oilymargarine. You have said substantially just what we have been trying to say. They may take milk, Butter or a man apart, and analyze them, but they cannot put any of them together again.

Oilymargarine may be branded and sold by the manufacturer and wholesale dealer "for what it is;" but not one time in a thousand does it go into the mouth of the consumer as anything other than natural Butter.

We heartily commend your suggestion to color it pink or blue, so that the unscrupulous cannot sell it as Butter, and so that the unsuspecting may be able to buy and eat it for "what it is," and thus have some defence against the *peculiar deception* which its present semblance of Butter enables unprincipled persons to practice.

It is, in our opinion, a fraud when artificially colored to resemble Butter—if not so in every respect—and we are fully of the belief that it is deleterious to health, and is unquestionably rendered more so when annatto is combined in its manufacture.

Yours respectfully,

WALTER CARR & Co.

## OPENING OF THE SEASON.



THE FIRST SHORT STOP.

## WOOL-GATHERING.



A SOUTHERN SCENE.

## OUR DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY A GENTLEMAN.

It is becoming customary for all first-class family journals to devote some space to Household Receipts. Under the head of "Our Domestic Department," or some other suggestive title, directions are given for concocting pies, puddings, preserves, pancakes and so forth—especially the latter. These recipes are clipped out of the paper by the prudent and economical housewife and carefully pasted in a scrap-book—a bulky Agricultural Report being invariably utilized for this purpose.

And they are never consulted a second time.

A woman may have preserved in this manner recipes for preparing all the dishes known to the culinary art, but her bills of fare, from the alpha to the omega of each year, comprise not over a dozen different examples of the cuisine, and are identical with those taught her by her mother when the daughter was yet in her teens.

Puck prides itself upon being a "first-class family journal"—a claim that is recognized by preachers, statesmen, poets, pedestrians, railroad kings and other persons eminent for either their learning or lucre. And because we do not advertise lotteries, church fairs and other palpable and glaring swindles, it must not be inferred that this paper is not also a Religious Weekly.

At the earnest solicitation of several thousands of our loyal readers, we have finally concluded to start a Domestic Department; and in doing so, introduce a bold innovation. The domestic column in our Esteemed Contemporaries are always—or nearly always—"Conducted by a Lady." Ours is conducted by a gentleman, who, on washdays, never troubles his wife to prepare a dinner. He resorts to a restaurant.

The continuance of this department will depend upon the reception accorded the initial instalment. If our efforts are endorsed, the feature may become permanent. Not too permanent, but just permanent enough. About as permanent as the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition, for instance.

With these few introductory remarks, we embark in the recipe business.

**INDIAN PUDDING.**—Wash a little Indian; stuff with meat, butter and eggs. Add a little wine—though the Indian generally prefers rum. Bake over a slow fire.

**GINGER-SNAPS.**—Take some Ginger. Stir in a piece of borrowed butter, and the same quantity of molasses and sugar. Mix with flour. Bake until it snaps.

**TO SWEETEN PICKLES.**—Sprinkle sugar over a couple of old maids.

**SAUCE FOR PUDDING.**—Make your pudding so that it will not be fit to eat. Your husband will furnish the sauce. Don't let it become too peppery.

**BOSTON BREAD.**—Take some beans; a quantity of flour; some more beans; some salt; a few beans. Bake in a stove or an oven. (If puns were permissible in this department, we might throw a shadow of gloom over the reader by remarking that the people who take most kindly to beans are Boston Bred.)

**ONION SOUP.**—Take a few onions; also a few soup. Put the onions in the soup, or the soup in the onions; it is immaterial which. Cook them. If too thick, make it thinner; if too thin, make it thicker.

**SLAP-JACKS.**—Tease your Jack until he slaps your face; then slap-jack's.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**—Take a quart of butter and a half pound of milk; mix. Place in the oven. See that there is a fire in the oven. When baked, give seven of them to Johnny. These will be sufficient to make one stummy cake.

**FLOAT.**—A bowl of water and a cork are all the ingredients necessary. Place the cork in the water. No boiling necessary.

**PEACH MANGOES.**—Procure a peck of choice peaches; set them on the dining-room table. When Charley returns home from the office, watch how readily the mangoes for them.

**SQUASH PIE.**—These pies are often made at picnics by young men wearing light trousers. When a blackberry pie is sat down upon, the squash pie is made.

**HASH.** This is an entirely new dish in this country, and is excellent for boarders—in arrears. The ingredients are potato-parings, scraps of meat left on the boarders' plates, and other table leavings which wasteful people throw into the swill-barrel. Chop them fine, and stew in a pan. Flavor with dessicated bootleg or Arctic overshoe.

## PHONETIC SPELLING.

1 ört 2 B 2 Ys, U C,  
2 sit upon a B Z B;  
4 he will sting B 4 U no  
A 1odr place, and hurt U so  
U'll 1dr, poor un 4 2 n 8,  
F'twas a pin on which U s8.

## DIZ-ASTER.

There was an old party called Dizzy  
Who with foreign affairs was quite busy;  
When a general election  
Gave him food for reflection,  
And left him remarkably blizzy.\*

\* Blizzy—The condition of having passed through a blizzard.

[Advertisement.]

## GREATEST REMEDY OF THE AGE.

THE  
GRANT RESTORER:A Universal Political Panacea  
FOR MANKIND IN GENERAL.

TRADE

U. S. G—1880—PREST

MARK.

THE best Preparation ever devised for those disorders which are so apt to appear during the Election Season—such as:

Presidential Fevers—Cabinet Eruptions—Sore Heads—Chill Blaines—Foreign Mission Measles—Ring Worms—Skin Subsidies—Congressional Grabs—Crooked Whiskey—High Liver Complaints—Swellings of the Pocket—Poverty of the Exchequer, and, in short, for all the ills Political Flesh is heir to, including Ill Luck.

Read the following testimonials:

"I go for it."—E. B. Washburne.  
"Have tried it with satisfaction."—Tom Murphy.  
"We all need it."—John A. Logan.  
"Looking after more of it."—C. A. Arthur, Ex-Collector.  
"Most desirable thing." O. E. Babcock.  
"It has been successfully used in my family."—A. G. Cattell.  
"There is nothing like it." E. W. Stoughton.  
"It cured me of journalism."—C. E. Smith.  
"Children cry for it."—G. W. Childs, Obit. Poet.  
"No family should be without it."—Simon Cameron.  
"Have taken it from childhood."—Col. F. D. Grant.  
"I recommend it for the Navy."—Ex-Secretary G. M. Robeson.  
"Good thing to take with you on a voyage."—Parson Newman.  
"Buy it, and it will do you good."—Bishop Simpson.  
"Can speak favorably from experience."—Ex-Secretary Belknap.  
"Just my style."—Ex-General Reno.  
(For further Testimonials see the Directory.)

PRICE - - - - - ONE VOTE.

Put up by  
CAMERON & CONKLING,  
Congressional Druggists.And for sale  
BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

11 ap 28 pd



## ENFORCED RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

## "BEN"



"Liberally"-minded Visitors are Cautioned against  
 Stirring Up the Lion, as the Management is not  
 Responsible for Accidents!!

NEW AND RARE SPECIMEN FOR THE LONDON ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB'S "History of the City of New York" has much literary merit, and is becoming exceedingly interesting. The plates are well executed, and the work, when completed, will form two handsome volumes. It is published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have read "A Fool's Errand," and congratulate the "fool"—who is by no means a fool—who wrote it. The story deserves much more notice than we have space to give it; but it is sufficient to say that it is capitally written, the characters are skillfully drawn, and the book points a very decided moral—as strong as that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The "Fifteen Puzzle" is getting somewhat pinaforic, but it will still linger in the memories of a large number of people. For the benefit of future generations, Mr. David A. Curtis has compiled a little book entitled, "Fifteen; How to Do It." It comprises a number of exhaustive articles which Mr. Curtis wrote at the time the puzzle was racking the brains of an entire community. The American News Company is the publisher.

MR HENRY HOLT has published in a very pretty cover, of English design, "Vignettes in Rhyme," which contains a judicious selection of the best poems in Mr. Austin Dobson's two books, with a few pieces of later date. Mr. Dobson's work is well known to all readers of this paper; for we have systematically cribbed many of his fugitive poems to enrich "Puck's Exchanges"; and the rare old Provençal metres, which Puck and Scribner's have revived in this country, have found the most artistic treatment in the London lyrist's "Proverbs in

Porcelain." To them it will not be necessary to say of Austin Dobson that his mastery of melody ranges from tinkling triolets and rippling rondeaux to the pure and perfect classic beauty of "Autonoë"; and that he is the one man who has informed modern verse and the thought of to-day with the spirit of the truest poesy. And now, all over this broad land, five hundred alleged literary critics will rise up to remark that Mr. Dobson's verse really shows quite an airy fancy and refined taste, and actually a very commendable sense of humor—and altogether, that he is a young man to be encouraged.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—It is about time for her to convene.

TOM ACHE. You are a resurrected—a survival—a reconstruction. We used to strike humorists like you when this paper was first started, but we thought we had killed them all off.

JAMES FITZ-JONES.—There is altogether too much spontaneity about your proffered contribution. To print anything so fresh would remind our readers of Springtimes past and daisies of the long ago—and—bless us, we couldn't do it, James.

K. A. R.—Here is your question, for the benefit of our readers.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:  
 Will you be kind enough to inform me through the columns of your valuable edition the following question:  
 "Why is it that we do not have thunder storms during the winter months?"

Yours respectfully,

K. A. R.

The electricity in the atmosphere comes in conjunction, during the winter months, with the interstitial perihelion of the lumbar regions, which causes aneurism of the voltaic arc. Besides, the thunder is lung up to dry.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.  
HIS EPITHALAMIUM.

THE Ode Congratulatory, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Fitznoodle on the occasion of his marriage, to which we referred in our last number, is herewith exhibited to our readers. At the same time, while regarding it as a very fine production, and giving Mr. Dusenbury credit for entire sincerity of production, we think it our duty to remark that the word *Fitznoodle* in the 9th line was evidently Wilkinson, when first written; and that the upper left-hand corner of the MS. bears the characters "Rej. No. 45,999," which we take to be the expression of some magazine editor's opinion. This may account for the slight delay in the arrival of the document at this office.

ED. PUCK.

## ODE

ADDRESSED TO THE HONORABLE F. FITZNODDLE,  
 OF ENGLAND, ON HIS RECENT MARRIAGE WITH ONE OF THE MOST  
 LOVELY AND FASHION-  
 ABLE BELLES  
 OF THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

THE Eagle weds the Dove!  
 The Sunflower from his stalk stoops down to get  
 Sweet acquiescence from the Violet!  
 The Thundercloud is thrilled with shafts of  
 love  
 For the soft Zephyr's sake,  
 And tenderly doth take  
 Her captive to his awful realms above.

So from the bosom of Society,  
 O proud Fitznoodle, thou hast reft  
 Her loveliest flower, to gem thy bouton-  
 nière.

What to these victims of satiety,  
 These curled and gilded butterflies, is left,  
 Now that their fairest fair—  
 Their sweetest sweet—  
 Their daisy and their dumpling and—hold on:  
 The word is ill to rhyme—their lamb is gone,  
 To be thy Marguerite?

What  
 Have they got—  
 Please state—  
 To yield therefor a substitute approximately  
 adequate?

O blushing bride!  
 Whatever may betide,  
 Let this be certified

By me as a professional poet and  
 A connoisseur in Springs, that none more bland  
 Has ever smiled upon a honeymoon—  
 Which is at once healthy and opportune.  
 No need shall come you and your bliss between  
 Of "cough-drops," "pectoral lozenges," or  
 "Coughene."

And now, farewell!  
 When, in the future, round your happy knees  
 Sweet swarming babes babble Fitznoodle-ese,  
 Whether with joy or grief your bosoms swell,  
 Remember that the harmless Muse awaits  
 To make your gladness yet more glad,  
 Your sadness—ah! considerably less sad—  
 At reasonable rates.

[No charge.]

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,  
 Professional Poet.



WELCOME TO



P. U. K.

TO  
SSIVE  
XES.  
ENSIVE  
NGS.  
PIJORY  
RY  
SERVICE  
O  
S OR  
UGEONS.



J. KEPPLER.

ME TO ALL!

"We may safely say that the present influx of immigration to the United States is something unprecedented in our generation."—*N. Y. Statistical Review.*

## THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF VANDERBILT.



Vanderbilt Told a Confidential Friend, the Other Day, that he Will Soon Retire from Public Life.



He Will Dispose, as Soon as Possible, of All his Railroad Stock.



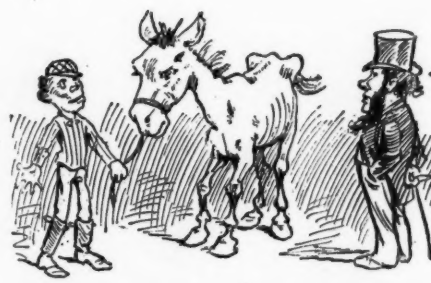
And Live on his Rents.



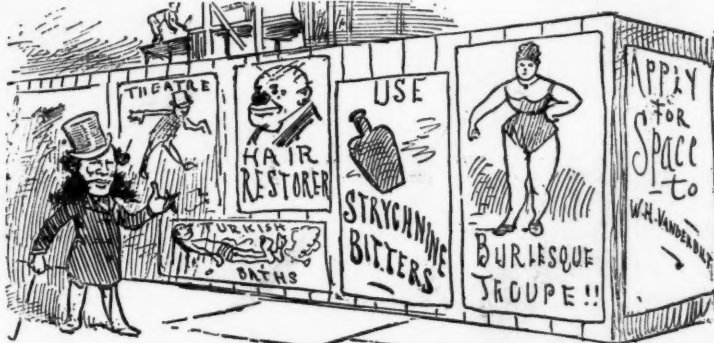
"He Wants to Live Like the Astors."



He is Pushing Repairs on the Madison Square Garden for the Dog-Show.



He is Adding to the Number of "Flyers" in his Stable.



He has Lately Developed a Wonderful Taste in Art.

## TO THE SHAD.

O dainty Shad!  
Although a mass of bones,  
Thou makest glad  
E'en kings upon their thrones!  
The lovely days which poets sing,  
And which we call the early spring,  
No sweeter food than thee do bring  
As fades away the snow.  
Oh fishermen, though Shad are high,  
Bring on your fish—we're sure to buy,  
And don't forget our earnest cry  
Roe, fishers, roe!  
Fresh shad old ocean cannot beat;  
Its flesh, so delicate and sweet,  
All mortals dearly love to eat.  
Ah, Shad, thy loss would make  
The world quite sad;  
'Mong fish you take the cake,  
O dainty Shad!

A. L.

## THE THEATRES.

The Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques mean fun and lots of it. They are at the STANDARD: graceful and jolly Miss Pixley having successfully *M'liss* enough for the present.

The PARK is now harboring Den Thompson as *Joshua Whitcomb*; which is good enough in its way, but does not reconcile us to the close of the engagement of our oddity Lotta, who *Ziped* for the last time on Saturday.

At BOOTH's we shall soon welcome the adorable Adelaide Neilson. She, together with Sir Joseph Tooker, K. C. B., will perhaps form the strongest team of womanly and manly beauty that we have seen for many a year. Wherever Sir Joseph is, large houses follow as a matter of course—as Mr. Booth has probably found out to his joy.

There is a monotony about the continued chronicling the fact that "Hazel Kirke" is still to be seen at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE; but we see no help for it so long as the management will persistently perform the piece. The folly of these managers is sublime. What we should like to know is the object of keeping the same piece on the stage—we beg pardon, double stage—for months, and crowding the beautiful theatre night after night with large audiences.

There can be little doubt that the theatre that has done the largest and most profitable business in New York this season is HAVERLY's. Certain it is that Mr. Haverly is the only man who has ever succeeded in making the old Lyceum pay; which is a strong proof of his judgment and ability as a manager. "The Widow Bedott" is the talk of the town, and it was a wise proceeding on the part of the management to purchase it out and out of Mr. Petroleum V. Nasby. Mr. Burgess's acting is perfect of its kind, and adds another excellent characterization to the now long list of Ameri-

can humorous types that are recognized as representative. "The Widow Bedott" ought to be seen by everybody, or one must run the risk of the accusation of being out of the fashion. It is to run here but a week longer, when Mr. Conjuror Hermann is to renew his "black art" séances. For the benefit of Cockney readers, we wish to say that this has no reference to Hart, the colored pedestrian.

"A Child of the State" is intelligently adapted from a foreign language—we believe it is French—by a Mr. George Hoey. Its first-night drew to WALLACK's the usual élite-crème-de-la-crème audience, and it will apparently prove a popular success—although, on the whole, there is room for improvement in the acting, if we except the admirable and finished personation of *Gros René* by Mr. Lester Wallack. The play is very romantic, very melodramatic and often slow, but it will interest numbers of people, everything to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Barrymore's *Maurice* was well played, and Miss Emily Rigel, as a very troublesome wronged orphan, acquitted herself in good style, though without being as clear in her enunciation as might be wished. We understand that Mr. Hoey is indebted to some Mons. Dennery, of Paris, for a few ideas of the play; although this was not publicly stated when the enthusiastic audience called Mr. Hoey out to bow his profuse acknowledgements as the author.



## INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS.

## A LITTLE SCIENCE-GOSSIP.

THERE are still intelligent people who insist that what they choose to call instinct in animals differs from what we call reason in man. To such people I would recommend a careful consideration of the following facts. Of course there are dog tales narrated in newspapers, that show upon their faces that they are apocryphal, but the following stories are not of that kind. As to the facts which I shall relate, of which I have personal cognizance, I will swear that they are true before any notary in the city of New York, provided he resides in New Jersey; and as to those for the truth of which I must rely upon the word of other people, I can safely say that if you knew my witnesses, you would willingly trust them with anything you thought you would not care to see again for a century.

But to the facts.

First fact: When I was a boy and lived with my parents in Scotland, we owned a Scotch terrier named Rollo. Now, Rollo knew when it was Sunday just as well as the sportsman who sneaks down side-lanes trying to hide his gun under his coat. Every Sunday morning Rollo marched to the kirk with the rest of the family, mounted up on the seat of the pew, and listened with the utmost gravity, and in absolute silence, to the sermon. He was so pious that he would scarcely wag his tail on the way home. However, we had noticed that whenever our minister said fourteenthly and lastly (he never had more than fourteen heads) the dog's face would light up very much as a wearied person's does under similar circumstances. Being human, our good old dominie died, and the kirk called in a new minister.

The first Sunday on which he officiated Rollo attended church as usual. When the minister reached fourteenthly Rollo's face lighted up; but as the minister did not add "and lastly," Rollo uttered a mournful howl. When the dominie said "fifteenthly" Rollo howled so lugubriously that we were compelled to take him out of the meeting-house. Strange as it may appear, the dog knew when the minister had reached "fourteenthly," and had definitely made up his mind that no sermon should have more than fourteen heads. Again and again did he repeat that performance, until finally it was found necessary to arrange the matter to suit him. If we kept him away from church he alarmed the neighborhood with howls, and if we took him to church he howled whenever the preacher went beyond "fourteenthly." As my father was the wealthiest member of the church, the minister compromised matters by never preaching beyond "fourteenthly," and that dog never howled in church again.

Second fact: When I first came to America we settled in Massachusetts, near Boston. In a short time, however, we concluded to move to Illinois, near Chicago. When we moved a neighbor gave us a very choice cat to take with us.

I had often heard stories about the mysterious ways in which cats would manage to return to their homes, and I resolved that nothing of that sort should happen in this case. Accordingly I took that cat and securely bandaged her eyes, and put her in a bag having a small flap, through which I could feed her, cut in the side. The bag containing the cat I put in a covered basket. I was determined that, if she took any note of longitude and latitude, it should not be by observations of the sun. I did all that before we started for the depot, so that she should not even know by what road we travelled. Well, I did not take her out of that bag until we had reached our new home.

We reached our house at ten o'clock at night, and, in order to confuse her as much as possible, I swung the bag around my head several times before I took her out. You may not believe it, but, I had scarcely unbandaged her eyes, when she slipped out of an open door, cast her eyes around the scene for a moment as if reflecting, and then made a bee line for the dépôt. Two weeks afterwards a letter came from her old home, informing us that she had reached that place safely. As she was a peculiarly marked cat, when I returned East a month afterwards, I made some particular inquiries, and found that she had returned by the same route we had gone West on, although we had taken the Erie to Buffalo, while the Central would have shortened her journey much.

Third fact: We have a dog, which we send to the grocer's or the baker's stores for such things as we desire, writing our orders, of course, on a piece of paper. When trade-dollars became such an affliction to the community by reason of the refusal of many people to receive them, my wife invariably declined to accept them in change. One day the dog brought home a trade-dollar. My wife showed it to him, and shook her head gravely. The dog seemed to catch the idea, for he examined the piece of money with great care. She then gave it to him in his mouth and accompanied him to the baker from whom he had received it. There she returned it to the baker, and insisted that he should give the dog a bill in its place. The baker did so, and the dog brought the bill to my wife, who nodded her head in approval. Since then, as I am informed by the butcher and the baker (who are both eminently respectable men), the dog invariably refuses to receive a trade-dollar. At all events he brings home no more trade-dollars in change. The butcher and the baker say that he will not leave their stores until they have counted out the change before him, and that, if they put a trade-dollar among the change, he pushes it aside and waits until they replace it by a bill.

Fourth fact: We had at one time a cat of which we were quite fond. We had owned her for several years when she suddenly became sick. Of course we did not know what ailed her, except that she seemed to have what in a human being we should have called a cough.

Every one of our friends suggested a remedy, and we offered all the prescriptions to pussy. She absolutely refused to touch any of them except some cod-liver oil; that she would lick up eagerly whenever we offered it to her. All our care, however, failed to keep her alive. After her death we had an examination made of her body, and discovered then why she had been so fond of cod-liver oil. The doctors informed us that she had died of consumption.

Fifth fact: The facts which we could present on this subject are almost innumerable; but at present we have space for only one more. We had at one time a number of young cats, which used to form a line by taking hold of each other's tails with their mouths, and run around the room in that way. My father brought home one day a young Manx cat (which, of course, had no tail). As soon as acquaintance had been formed, the cats attempted to form the usual line, but were plainly confused by the Manx cat. As she had no tail, there was evidently only one place which she could occupy in the line, *i.e.*, the end. Strange as it may appear, those cats discovered that fact within five minutes, and placed her at the end of the line, a position which she always occupied thereafter.

If the facts above set forth show merely instinct in animals, then instinct and reason bear to each other a most remarkable resemblance.

## A CHARADE.

## I.

THE proud Plantagenets on England's throne,  
In years long past, when every princely line  
Was known world-wide by motto or by sign,  
Claimed that my first belonged to them alone;—  
It was the sign by which their house was known:  
But changes come with swiftly flying time—  
That sign or symbol now, in every clime,  
Another class of folk claims as its own;  
The housewife, who her home keeps fresh and sweet,  
Whom no exertion, long or short, e'er tames  
Until her every room as wax is neat,  
The proud Plantagenets old symbol claims;  
And what they have become, since they were hearsed,  
The housewife daily raises with my first.

## II.

I saw a fellow standing on the stage  
Among the players, who spoke well their parts  
And charmed us with that daintiest of arts  
Which mimics love, and hate, and woe, and rage—  
So well we seem to read from life's own page;  
But he, unlike the others at his side,  
In stiffness with the straightest ramrod vied,  
His limbs seemed joined by well-dried mucilage,  
His arms he slung in gestures out of place,  
His words he mouthed so none of them were heard,  
Expression never seemed to cross his face,  
And thought he ne'er conveyed by any word;  
And now you must, I think, have guessed my second,  
Unless most rashly on your wit I've reckoned.

## III.

If men will wed, with joys of married life—  
Whose brightness I would try to paint in vain,  
Whose ecstasy I never could explain—  
There may be mixed a very little strife;  
For, after all, what are a man and wife  
But humans? And at least one grain of sin,  
Since Adam's fall, has always been put in  
All human kind, and sin leads unto strife.  
And, when the combat opens between the pair,  
The wife grabs up my whole, waves it on high,  
And, as she boldly swings it through the air,  
Most loudly her liege lord she does defy;  
For well she knows the weapon she does wield,  
In skillful hands, is both a sword and shield.

ARTHUR LOT.

## DEFINITIONS.

HEROISM—Virtuous folly.

PRUDERY—Intentional modesty.

PIN CUSHION—The husband who does not furnish pin-money.

REVERIE—Convenient indulgence between meals—a concession of the satisfied stomach.

PESSIMIST—One, sentimentally analytical, who resents his own littleness as reflected in his fellow-men.

OPTIMIST—One who benevolently condones the littleness of mankind, in consideration of his solidarity.

FLIRT—A lady afflicted with the acquaintance fever, of judicious temperament, and contingently affectionate.

HELP—Impecunious sovereigns in the pursuit of happiness, who are constrained to assist others in order to help themselves.

HEAVEN—The supposed abiding place of disembodied life, where peace and good will are secured by the absence of necessities and aspirations.

D. B.

# OLEOMARGARINE BUTTER:

The New Article of Commerce.

CHEMICALLY ANALYZED BY THE MOST SKILLFUL AND DISTINGUISHED SCIENTISTS,  
DEMONSTRATING ITS PURITY.



*Award of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, and Opinions of PROF. C. F. CHANDLER, President of the New York Board of Health; PROF. GEORGE F. BARKER, of the University of Pennsylvania; DR. HENRY A. MOTT, JR., of New York; PROF. S. C. CALDWELL, of Cornell University; PROF. S. W. JOHNSON, of Yale College; PROF. C. A. GOESSMANN, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; PROF. HENRY MORTON, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, of Hoboken; DR. CHARLES P. WILLIAMS, of Philadelphia; PROF. ATWATER, of the Wesleyan University, and PROF. ARNOLD, of the University of New York.*



*Answer of Prof. Chandler to a Congressional Inquiry.*

Hon. Morgan R. Wise of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, of the House of Representatives, addressed a letter to Prof. Charles F. Chandler, President of the New York Board of Health, informing him that the Committee has under consideration a bill in relation to adulterations in food and drink, and asking whether the article known as Oleomargarine, or Butterine is wholesome or unwholesome, and for such other information as might be in the possession of the Board. The following is Prof. Chandler's response:

HEALTH DEPARTMENT, 301 MOTT STREET,  
NEW YORK, March 27, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR:

In reply to your letter of inquiry, I would say that I have been familiar with the discovery of Mège Mouries and its application in the manufacture of artificial butter called "Butterine," or "Oleomargarine," since the date of its first publication.

I have frequently seen it manufactured, witnessing all the operations, and examining both the material and the product.

I have studied the subject with special reference to the question of its use as food, in comparison with the ordinary butter made from cream, and have satisfied myself that it is quite as valuable as butter from the cow; that the material from which it is manufactured is perfectly fresh beef suet; that the processes are harmless; that the manufacture is conducted with great cleanliness. The product is palatable and wholesome, and I regard it as a most valuable article of food, and consider the discovery of Mège Mouries as marking an era in the chemistry of the fats.

Butterine is manufactured of uniform quality the year round, and can be sold at a price far below that at which ordinary butter is sold. It does not readily become rancid, and is free from the objectionable taste and odor which characterize a large proportion of the butter sold in this market.

I am informed that there are at present thirteen factories in the United States licensed under the patents to manufacture this butter. The Commercial Manufacturing Company of New York is making at the present from 30,000 to 40,000 lbs. daily. In addition to this industry, there is a large manufacture of what is known as "oleomargarine oil," which is shipped as such to Europe, to be there converted into butter; so that this product has become an important article of export to foreign countries.

The beef suet which was formerly converted into common tallow, only suitable for the manufacture of soap, is, by this beautiful discovery, now manufactured into oleomargarine oil and stearine of double the value of the tallow formerly produced. The following analyses made by Drs. Brown and Mott sufficiently illustrate the composition of the Butterine:

CONSTITUENTS.		No. 1. NATURAL BUTTER.	No. 2. ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.
Water.....		11,968	11,203
Butter solids.....		88,032	88,797
		100.000	100.000
Insoluble fats.....	Olein.....	23.824	24.893
	Palmitin.....		
	Stearine.....		
	Arachin.....	51.422	56.29
	Myristin.....		
Soluble fats.....	Butyrin.....		
	Caprin.....	7.432	1.823
	Caproin.....		
	Caprylin.....		
Casein.....		.192	.621
Salt.....		5.162	5.162
Coloring matter.....		Trace.	Trace.
		88.032	88.797

Last winter a resolution was adopted by the Legislature of the State of New York, requesting the Board of Health of the City of New York to investigate the subject and report whether in its opinion the Butterine is a wholesome article of food. In response to this resolution, the Board of Health stated that in its opinion there is no sanitary objection whatever to the unrestricted manufacture and sale of this substance.

In support of my opinion herein expressed, I enclose the statement to the same effect made by Prof. George F. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., of New York; Prof. S. C. Caldwell, of Cornell University; Prof. S. W. Johnson, of Yale College; Prof. C. A. Goessmann, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; Prof. Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, of Hoboken; Dr. Chas. P. Williams, of Philadelphia; Prof. W. O. Atwater, of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn.; and Prof. J. W. S. Arnold of the Medical Department of the University of New York.

Hoping that this, my reply, contains all the information you desire, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

TO HON. M. R. WISE,  
Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures,  
House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

CH. F. CHANDLER, Ph.D.,  
Pres. of the Board of Health.



(Letter from Prof. Barker.)

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1880. }

THE UNITED STATES DAIRY CO.:

*Gentlemen*—In reply to your inquiry, I would say that I have been acquainted for several years with the discovery of Mège Mouries for producing Butterine from oleomargarine fat. In theory, the process should yield a product resembling butter in all essential respects, having identically the same fatty constituents. The Butterine prepared under the inventor's patent is, therefore, in my opinion, quite as valuable a nutritive agent as butter itself. In practice, the process of manufacture, as I have witnessed it, is conducted with care and great cleanliness. The Butterine produced is pure and of excellent quality, is perfectly wholesome, and is desirable as an article of food. I can see no reason why Butterine should not be an entirely satisfactory equivalent for ordinary butter, whether considered from the physiological or commercial standpoint.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE F. BARKER.

(Letter from Prof. Morton.)

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, March 16, 1880. }

UNITED STATES DAIRY CO.:

*Gentlemen*—During the last three years I have had occasion to examine the product known as artificial butter, Oleomargarine, or Butterine, first produced by M. Mège, of Paris, and described by him in his patent of July 17th, 1869.

I have also frequently witnessed the manufacture of this material, and with these opportunities of knowing exactly what it is, I am able to say with confidence that it contains nothing whatever which is injurious as an article of diet; but, on the contrary, is essentially identical with the best fresh butter, and is very superior to much of the butter made from cream alone which is found in the market.

The conditions of its manufacture involve a degree of cleanliness and consequent purity in the product, such as are by no means necessarily or generally attained in the ordinary making of butter from cream.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY MORTON.

(Letter from Prof. Johnson.)

SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF YALE COLLEGE,  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, March 20th, 1880. }

THE UNITED STATES DAIRY CO.:

*Gentlemen*—I am acquainted with the process discovered by M. Mège, for producing the article known in commerce as Oleomargarine or Butterine.

I have witnessed the manufacture in all its stages, as carried out on a large scale, and I can assert that when it is conducted according to the specifications of M. Mège, it cannot fail to yield a product that is entirely attractive and wholesome as food, and one that is for all ordinary culinary and nutritive purposes the full equivalent of good butter made from cream.

Oleomargarine Butter has the closest resemblance to butter made from cream in its external qualities—color, flavor, and texture. It has the same appearance under the microscope, and in chemical composition differs not in the nature, but only in the proportions of its components. It is therefore fair to pronounce them essentially identical.

While Oleomargarine contains less of those flavoring principles which characterize the choicest butter, it is, perhaps, for that very reason, comparatively free from the tendency to change and taint which speedily renders a large proportion of butter unfit for human food.

I regard the manufacture of Oleomargarine or Butterine as a legitimate and beneficial industry.

S. W. JOHNSON,

Professor of Theoretical and Agricultural Chemistry; Director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station.

(Letter from Prof. Caldwell.)

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY,  
ITHACA, N. Y., March 20, 1880. }

I have witnessed, in all its stages, the manufacture of "Oleomargarine" and of Oleomargarine Butter or "Butterine."

The process for Oleomargarine when properly conducted, as in the works of the Commercial Manufacturing Co., is cleanly throughout, and includes every reasonable precaution necessary to secure a product entirely free from animal tissue, or any other impurity, and which shall consist of pure fat made up of the fats commonly known as oleine and margarine. It is, when thus prepared, a tasteless and inodorous substance, possessing no qualities whatever that can make it in the least degree unwholesome when used in reasonable quantities as an article of food.

In the manufacture of Butterine, since nothing but milk, annatto, and salt, together with perhaps a little water from clean ice, are added to this Oleomargarine, to be intimately mixed with it by churning and other operations, I have no hesitation in affirming that this also, when properly made according to the Mège patent and other patents held by the United States Dairy Co., and when used in reasonable quantities, is a perfectly wholesome article of food; and that, while not equal to fine butter in respect to flavor, it nevertheless contains all the essential ingredients of butter, and since it contains a smaller proportion of volatile fats than is found in genuine butter, it is, in my opinion, less liable to become rancid.

It cannot enter into competition with fine butter: but in so far as it may serve to drive poor butter out of the market, its manufacture will be a public benefit.

S. C. CALDWELL.

(Letter from Prof. Goessmann.)

AMHERST, MASS., March 20, 1880.

UNITED STATES DAIRY CO., NEW YORK:

*Gentlemen*—I have visited, on the 17th and 18th of the present month, your factory, on West Forty-eighth Street, for the purpose of studying your mode of applying Mège's discovery for the manufacture of Oleomargarine Butter or Butterine. A careful examination into the character of the material turned to account, as well as into the details of the entire management of the manufacturing operation, has convinced me that your product is made with care, and furnishes thus a wholesome article of food. Your Oleomargarine Butter or Butterine compares in general appearance and in taste very favorably with the average quality of the better kinds of the dairy butter in our markets. In its composition it resembles that of the ordinary dairy butter; and in its keeping quality, under corresponding circumstances, I believe it will surpass the former; for it contains a smaller percentage of those constituents (glycerides of volatile acids) which, in the main, cause the well known rancid taste and odor of stored butter.

I am very respectfully yours,

C. A. GOESSMANN, Ph.D.,

Professor of Chemistry.

(Letter from Dr. Williams.)

LABORATORY, No. 912 SAMSON STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1880. }

During a period of upwards of two years I have been practically familiar with the details of the manufacture by the Mège method of Oleomargarine Butter or "Butterine." From my experience and observation of the care and cleanliness absolutely necessary in the manufacture of this product, together with my knowledge of its composition, I am satisfied that it is a pure and wholesome article of food, and in this respect, as well as in respect to its chemical composition, fully the equivalent of the best quality of dairy butter.

I will add further, that, owing to the presence of a less quantity of the volatile fats, the keeping qualities of the Oleomargarine Butter are far superior to those of the dairy product.

CHARLES P. WILLIAMS, Ph.D.,  
Analytical Chemist; late Director and Professor Missouri School of Mines, State University.

(Letter from Dr. Mott.)

H. A. MOTT, JR., Ph.D., E.M., }  
ANALYTICAL AND CONSULTING CHEMIST. }  
OFFICE, 117 WALL STREET,  
NEW YORK, March 12, 1880.

UNITED STATES DAIRY CO.:

Gentlemen:—Having been acquainted for the past six years with the process of the manufacture of the product called Oleomargarine Butter, or Butterine, and having made numerous microscopical and chemical examinations of the product, I am clearly of the opinion that the product called Oleomargarine Butter is essentially identical with butter made from cream; and as the former contains less of those fats which, when decomposed, render the product rancid, it can be kept pure and sweet for a much longer time.

I consider the product of the Mège discovery a perfectly pure and wholesome article of food, which is destined to supplant the inferior grades of butter, and be placed side by side with the best product of the creamery.

Respectfully,

HENRY A. MOTT, JR., Ph.D.

(Letter from Prof. Arnold.)

UNIVERSITY PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY, }  
410 EAST 26TH ST., April 2, 1880. }

This is to certify that I have carefully examined the "Mège Patent Process" for the manufacture of Oleomargarine Butter or Butterine; that I have seen and tasted at the factory each and every ingredient employed; that I have made thorough microscopical examinations of the materials used and of the butter; and I consider that each and every article employed in the manufacture of Oleomargarine Butter or Butterine is perfectly pure and wholesome; that the Oleomargarine Butter differs in no essential manner from butter made from cream; in fact, the Oleomargarine Butter possesses the advantage over natural butter of not decomposing so readily, as it contains fewer volatile fats. In my opinion, Oleomargarine is to be considered a great discovery, a blessing for the poor, and in every way a perfectly pure, wholesome and palatable article of food.

J. W. S. ARNOLD, A.M., M.D.,  
Prof. Physiology and Histology, Med. Dep. Univ. New York.

(Letter from Prof. Atwater.)

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, }  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN., March 20, 1880. }

I have carefully looked into the theory and the practice of the manufacture of Butterine (Oleomargarine) by the "Mège process," and examined the product. A consideration of the materials used, the process of manufacture, and the chemical and microscopical character of the Butterine, seem to me to fully justify the following statements:

As to its qualitative composition, it contains essentially the same ingredients as natural butter from cows' milk.

Quantitatively, it differs from ordinary butter in having but little of the volatile fats which, while they are agreeable in flavor, are, at the same time, liable to rancidity. I should, accordingly, expect Butterine to keep better than ordinary butter. The best evidence within my reach indicates that just such is the case. The Butterine is perfectly wholesome and healthy, and has a high nutritious value. The same entirely favorable opinion I find expressed by the most prominent European authorities—English, French and German—who are unanimous in their high estimate of the value of the "Mège discovery," and approval of the material whose production has thereby been made practicable.

I am very truly yours,

W. O. ATWATER.

(Award of the American Institute.)

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE AMERICAN }  
INSTITUTE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, }  
NEW YORK, March 24th, 1880. }

Copy of the Judges' Report in Department VII., Group 3, at the Forty-seventh Exhibition of the American Institute, held in the City of New York, October and November, 1878.

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The Oleomargarine Butter (Mège's process) has the general appearance of the usual style of good dairy butter. The texture presents some slight difference to the eye of an expert. The absence of some of the elements which give the peculiar aroma to the best quality of spring grass butter, tends to prevent the approach of any unpleasant change in this article, and it is thus enabled to resist the effects of time, as upon a long sea voyage.

We have examined the process of manufacture, and find the product clean and wholesome.

While the best quality of dairy butter must still maintain its superiority, any departure from the most perfect manufacture will make the Oleomargarine a dangerous rival.

This process utilizes valuable animal products, and makes useful in the kitchen and upon the dining-table much that was formerly used for less important purposes, and for this and its keeping qualities it should receive some recognition by the Institute.

A. S. HEATH, M.D., }  
ROBT J. DODGE, } Judges.  
WILLET SEAMAN, }

The Medal of Excellence Awarded.

A true copy of the Report on file.

D. R. GARDEN, Assistant Clerk.



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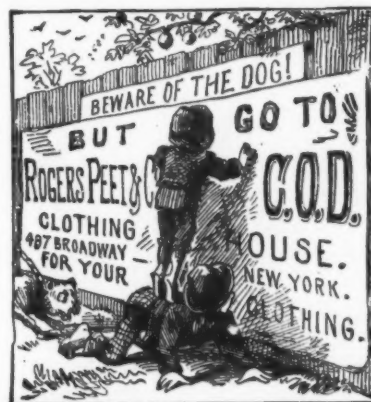
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**A GIRL'S DIARY.**

April 5.—I must buy to-day:  
Some cologne.  
Some hair-pins.  
Some ruche lace.  
Some satin gloss for shoes.  
April 6.—Dear me! I am always out of something. To-day I must—  
Look for material for spring dress.  
Pair of garters.  
Bottle of vaseline.  
Tooth powder.  
New tooth-brush.  
In addition, I was tempted into buying two of those beautiful new bows and a new pen-knife.  
April 7.—I've nearly decided on the material for one dress. It's more expensive than I expected, but I must have it. Bought to-day—  
Four yards of new ribbon.  
Two pair four-button kids.  
Pair house slippers.  
Pair new corsets.  
New celluloid comb for front hair.  
Tortoise-shell pin for back hair.  
Two pair cuffs.  
Three collars.  
One paper dress pattern.  
One paper pattern for jacket.  
Leather belt and pocket.  
Needles and thread.  
Worsted for fancy work.  
Two lace ties.  
April 8.—I don't think I want anything to-day. I'm just going out, though, to look at the goods in the shop windows. Bought unexpectedly:  
Material for three new spring dresses.  
Lining for ditto.  
Persian trimming for ditto.  
New feather for hat.  
New hat.  
New traveling bag.  
New clasp for ulster.  
Bottle of smelling salts.  
Three pairs of cheap gloves.  
Two lace ties.  
Spring parasol.  
April 9.—It's time I ordered another pair of shoes. My best silk is really getting shabby. And I must go out to-day, for I'm out of pins!  
—*New York Graphic.*



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American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.  
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, \$50.  
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In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

It is going to cost more to die as well as to live this summer. The price of ice is to be very high and the coffin-makers in New York have just struck for higher wages.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* is just thirty-three years old—just the age of most actresses who have been on the stage forty years. We congratulate our wide-awake and handsome contemporary.—*N. Y. Mail.*

AND now a man in Philadelphia has gone away and left his wife, simply because she wanted a piano. And it's the third husband the woman has managed to get away with. What we need in this country is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands.—*Oil City Derrick.*

AS MAN pants for fame and position, so woman pants for the time to come when, with up-lifted whitewash-brush and turbaned head, she raises havoc in her once peaceful home, and the husband, meek as always, wonders within himself, is such a thing as future punishment possible?—*Yonkers Gazette.*

MARY ANDERSON isn't afraid of a cow.—*Ex.* Well, perhaps she doesn't frighten at a stage cow; but if Mary was down in the meadow culling blue violets and butter-cups, and a cow of the gentleman sex was to quite unexpectedly appear on the scene, and commence to paw up the earth, and claw sods with his horns, and sing bass louder than stage thunder, and eventually elevate his tail ominously at an angle of forty-five degrees, and make a bee-line for the fair actress, you can stake a fortune that she would give millions for de-fence, and, like Conkling, make the greatest effort of her life to get on the other side of it, without regard to stile or style. And if she dropped any of her back hair or any other articles of wearing apparel in the meadow, she would generously let them remain there for the benefit of the Irish sufferers. When a cow of this description begins to paw dirt and switch his tail nervously as a storm signal, he means business—and very mean business it is, too!—*Norristown Herald.*

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The old sailor respectfully saluted his Honor, and inquired of him if he meant liquor.

"That's just what I mean," replied the Court; "it is very nasty stuff."

"Your Honor is all wrong," pursued the old sailor, reflectively - "all wrong."

"Look at me," said the Justice: "I am over 60 years of age, and I have never tasted liquor."

"Was your Honor never drunk?"

"Never in my life."

"May I be— Well, your Honor, you're not too old yet. There's fun ahead for you— heaps of fun ahead."

When the court room became quiet in a measure the old sailor was discharged.—N. Y. Sun.

The Chinese troops, we read, have invaded the dominion of the Czar. This is Dennis Kearney's opportunity. Let him join the Russian army and wreak vengeance upon the Celestials.—Phila. Kronicle-Herald.

THE Ann Arbor comet is the latest sensation. There will be another sensation this week when Mercury meets Jupiter and each calls the other to account for being so close to Venus on Wednesday and Thursday.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

A BOSTON paper thinks there ought to be a law in this country to compel every girl who is engaged to wear a red bow at her throat. That wouldn't do a bit of good. Every girl would wear one.—Detroit Free Press.

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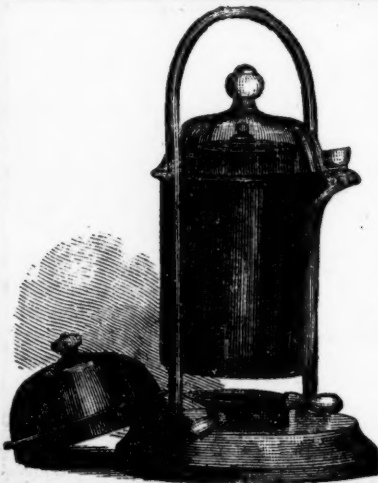
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324 Washington St., cor. Milk St.,  
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To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

You will see by the paper sent you, that I have taken  
the liberty of marrying to immortal doggerel your immense  
hit, "The Worship of the Golden God." While ad-  
miring the cartoon, however, I am pained to discover that  
your artist has stooped to plagiarism. By reference to a  
curious volume in my private library, entitled "Holy  
Bible," I find that the whole idea is stolen therefrom  
bodily. This is reprehensible.

Forgivingly yours,

EDWARD E. EDWARDS,

Ed. "Facts and Fancies,"

Boston Transcript.

**THE GOLDEN CALF.**

Have you seen the big picture in Puck,  
Where, high on a pedestal stuck,

The Grant golden calf—

A sublime half-and-half—

Receives bended knee and head-duck?

There are Carpenter, Cameron, Dawes,  
Boutwell, Banks, with outstretched paws,

And Governor Rice

With expression so nice,

And Frisbie, who is one of the Hoars.

There is Logan with reverent gaze,  
And Conkling—that hater of Hayes—

And Childs, with his song,

And Governor Long,

And Belknap of whiskey-ring days.

There is Robeson, the monarch of seize,  
And Beecher bent low on his knees;

And with upturned glance,

With song, prayer and dance,

They try the god golden to please.

While down from Mt. Sinai's height  
Saucy Puck, Moses Puck, comes in sight,

With tablets of stone,

But they heed him not one,

For each is Ulysses-mad quite.

Let these worshippers think what they do!  
Their folly they'll certainly rue,

When early next fall,

With Grant, one and all,

They shall form a Salt River crew.

—Edward E. Edwards—"Facts and Fancies"

—Boston Evening Transcript.

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